

AUTOMOBILE DEALER IS PREACHING THRIFT

Ed Neumeyer Points Out How Much Can Be Saved by Care.

"Few people even begin to realize the actual amount in dollars and cents they can save by a little care in the use of an automobile," says Ed Neumeyer, of the Neumeyer Motor Company, local agents for the Mitchell. "Each individual saving represents such a small amount that we are prone to regard it as negligible, while as a matter of fact, the aggregate of many of these small savings runs into quite a respectable sum."

"That is the very root and essence of the thrift movement now on foot throughout the country. Doing without a car is not a thrift because in most cases it costs a man less to do a given amount of work with an automobile than without one. Then too, any serious reduction in the purchase of passenger cars due to such a mistaken conception of thrift would tend to cripple an industry which ranks near the top in the amount of money it puts back into circulation through wages, dividends, purchases, and so forth. Killing the goose that lays the golden egg is not thrift."

"True thrift in using automobiles lies, not in cutting down the use, but in eliminating the waste. Pumping your engine idle, even for one minute, is sheer waste. Acquire the habit of stopping the engine whenever you stop the car. Look over the gasoline system frequently from tank to carburetor to discover and stop wasteful leaks."

"Running with under-inflated tires," adds Mr. Neumeyer, "is another waste. It not only takes considerably more power (gasoline) to run with soft tires, but you increase your tire cost by half. Driving in car tracks is one of the worst forms of thriftlessness of the motorist. It is slow, it is noisy, it is a waste of time, and it is a waste of money. It is a waste of money in the way of cutting them to pieces."

"The following will show that by the elimination of waste it is easily possible to save as much as \$100 in a year. Keep track of your expenses, save that hundred and then buy thrift stamps with it. That's real thrift!"

KEEP WATCH OF YOUR AUTO BRAKES

When you are spinning along and a car darts out of a side street, and you throw on the brakes with that assurance that they will gently slow you down in time, isn't it a comfortable feeling?

Isn't there a difference between that and the time you were touring in a hilly country a long way from a garage or repair station, and your brakes went bad?

Did you ever stop to think of the things that made the stopping of an automobile within so short a space and with such apparent little effort, almost a mystery to the non-motoring public?

We have talked about our lights and our tires; we have discussed carburetors, and ignition, and pick-up, and set-aways, but strangely, we seem to have taken for granted the fact that there are brakes on our cars and that, when called on, they will always respond. And yet the efficiency of brakes contributes one of the gravest questions to the great motoring public.

More accidents, it is said, occur from faulty brakes than from any other cause. The long-delayed movement for brake inspection at regular intervals, is therefore, welcomed by the sensible motorist as another forward step which will remove still further dangers from motoring.

Not one man out of a hundred, perhaps, knows what his brake linings are made of, or why they are thus made. He may not know that there are only three places in the whole world where asbestos, which renders his brakes heat-proof, is mined, or quarried.

He may be ignorant of the fact that leading chemists, and government experts, have tested the strength of the brass wire, the fabric, the grapple, and the absorption and wearing qualities that go into hydraulic compressed thermoid brake-lining.

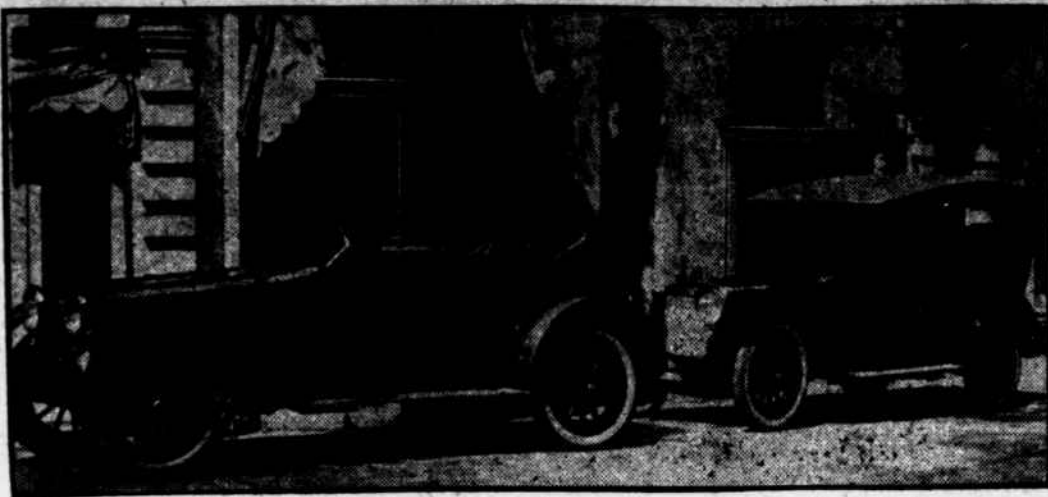
The government war experts at Washington have recognized the importance of good brakes, and are giving close attention to the kind of brake-lining with which they equip cars and trucks for use in France.

Most fatal automobile accidents, statistics show, do not occur at high speed, but when the car is running at less than twelve miles an hour, generally in crowded traffic.

It is therefore, important that motorists in cities, as well as in the country pay more attention to their brakes, and have them inspected at regular intervals the same as they do with their batteries, or any part of the cars.

Mal. Raymond Pullman, superintendent of police is one prominent official back of the national brake-inspection movement.

Take a look at your brakes today!



A pair of T. Lamar Jackson's newest model Winton Sixes at Fourteenth and R streets.

Society IN WASHINGTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

morning at 10 o'clock at St. Margaret's, the Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, rector of the church officiating. It was an uneventful hour to have a wedding—especially when you realize that 30 by the way the only 9 by the sun. But society didn't have to set its alarm clock for that—because, once more society wasn't invited. The company was confined to members of the two families, owing to the recent death of the bride's brother—John Bennett, who died in March last year.

Remember he died early in March just about as his father—and Maj. Swing, too, by the way—were landing from the other side, as the result of an aeroplane accident in Texas—and to the prevailing war conditions. And so even her girl friends did not see "Bobbie" March married, though some of the Swings relatives from Newark came down to welcome the new bride to the family.

And there are two next Saturday in which Washington is equally interested—that of pretty Amy Bennett and her French soldier, Lieut. Claude Langlais—and that of Margaret McChord and her American soldier, Lieut. George Leroy Boye. Miss Bennett has elected to be married at home. The ceremony is to be at noon, and the wedding is to be as simple as possible, with no attendants and only a few intimate friends present. The reason given seems to be the impossibility of Lieut. Langlais' family coming over for the occasion, and the fact that they are in deep mourning—a brother having been killed in action, not very long ago. For the present Lieut. Langlais is to stay on in America, much to the delight of Miss Bennett's friends. Today Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bennett are having an informal reception for their daughter—about the only festivity they are having in connection with her wedding. They propose to vacate their Nineteenth street residence—turn it over to the young people for the summer, which Mrs. Bennett will spend in Maine, and Mr. Bennett at the Army and Navy Club. In the future, Lieut. Langlais and his bride will take an apartment.

Margaret McChord's wedding is to be a real sure enough June wedding—at St. John's in the afternoon of the same day—with bridesmaids and ushers and everything complete. But you can't tell Margaret to tell you who they are going to be. She says she doesn't know, that bridesmaids and ushers are harder to come by nowadays than brides and bridegrooms. She seems to be in the same position as Marie Peary when she was married during the winter. When asked about her bride party she said, "I don't know who the ushers are to be—and I don't expect to know till I see them at church." Orders are absolutely without feeling, and they have broken up more perfectly good wedding parties this past year than you would dream possible.

On the same day there is to be Elsie Calder's wedding to Lieut. Robert Corwin Lee, U. S. N., in Brooklyn, to which, of course, the Senator and quite a party of close family friends will go. Mrs. Calder and Elsie went home two weeks ago to prepare for the event. And there is Sophie Bispham's wedding in Philadelphia yesterday, in which Washington is very generally interested, since the bride is a granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral and Mrs. Silas Casey, and has been a frequent visitor here from childhood. It took place at St. Philip's Church, in West Philadelphia, and the bride's father, the Rev. Clarence Bispham, who was for fifteen years its rector, came up from New Orleans where his present charge is, to perform the ceremony, and stay a while for a little visit among his old parishioners.

Finally Hallie Elkins, whose engagement to Lieut. George M. Percy, U. S. M. C., was announced only a few weeks ago, vowed with a statement that the wedding would not be for a long time yet, is to be married a week later, on June 2. And that is to be a sure enough before the war sort of a June wedding with bridesmaids, and maid-of-honor, and ushers galore, to take place at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Ste-

phen B. Elkins, on K street. The party is not yet complete, but Miss Ellen Bruce Lee, Mrs. Arthur Lee's daughter (who might have been a debutante this season, if it had been good year for debuting, but who has decided to go to college instead) is to be maid-of-honor.

Mrs. Armstrong Davis explains that at the time her daughter's engagement was announced she had really intended to defer the wedding until probably the end of the war. Lieut. Percy expected to be sent overseas immediately, and a war wedding under those circumstances did not seem wise, especially for one as young as her daughter, and one who was not very strong. But orders have been changed, and the prospect at present is that Lieut. Percy will not be sent abroad for some months anyhow—so she decided to let the young people have their way. As young people generally do, they will settle down in an apartment in Washington—possibly in Mrs. Davis' apartment at 1302 Eighteenth street.

I ran into Alice Harvey the other day—just back from the war zone. She is Gen. William E. Harvey's sister, you know, and was one of the first army nurses sent over. She went out last September, and has been stationed at a base hospital, about thirty miles from the front.

In the famous Toul sector. She was a real, sure-enough, regular nurse, before the war broke—a graduate of Columbia Hospital here—but some of her tales of her service do not sound particularly heroic or romantic. Which is no reflection on Alice Harvey, but just a gentle reminder to romantic young persons who have Florence Nightingale angel of the battlefield vision of "going as a nurse."

"You know, it isn't all thrill, even over there. At one time my work for eight hours a day, for quite a stretch was tying bits of string together and rolling it into balls,—or smoothing out the paper our supplies and furniture had come wrapped in, cutting it into strips perhaps four inches wide, and then into five or six inch lengths and either binding it into pads, or tying it into bunches, that the nurses could use as scratch pans. Paper and string are precious and must by no means be wasted. When you go shopping,—if it's lamb chops or butter, they ask you if you want it wrapped,—and if you unkindly do, they wrap it, perhaps in newspaper, more probably in scraps of wall paper. If its lace or ribbon,—or such bric-a-brac as that,—they don't ask you, and they don't wrap it. You carry it home, naked and unashamed in your flat."

As for some of the boys, detailed to

help us, you couldn't help being sorry for them. They certainly weren't finding soldiering all their fancy painted it. There was one youngster where we were stationed first—way back on the coast, almost. He'd get a letter from his mother, ever mail, something like this: 'My darling boy, why don't you tell me what you are doing. I long to know of your dangers and hardships. I see visions of you by day, and dream of you by night. Are you in the trenches? I fancy you wet and muddy. Are you wearing your woolen underwear? Are you warm at night? Sometimes I feel sure you must have been wounded, and I can see your fairly caked with blood and mud. You tell me so little.'

"And 'darling boy' would ask us plaintively what he could tell her. He was 30 miles behind the firing line—in as pleasant a part of France as there was—quite warm, quite dry, absolutely unharmed; and his particular job was keeping the furnace fires going to heat the water for our baths! He wanted to be a hero, but the fates were 'agin' him."

Another said to me 'Oh h—! when my grandchildren ask me what stirring things I did in the great war, what am I going to tell 'em? That I sat up nights cooling the fevered brow of a sick mule? And perhaps the hardest case was that of the man who wanted to be one girl's hero—and was detailed as a sort of houseman at the hospital, at a time when the pipes all froze and broke, and we had absolutely no toilet facilities,—and he was practically our chambermaid. You know after all it took some hero stuff to submit cheerfully to that, sort of active service, though it won't sound very heroic when he tells his grandchildren about it. You observe that they all expect to tell their grandchildren about it."

Incidentally it must have taken some hero stuff to walk up Pennsylvania avenue, from Union Station to the White House, as Miss Harvey says she did, because Washington looked so good to her, on the sweltering day she arrived, in heavy blue cloth uniform, and black felt service hat—being all the clothes she had available at the moment. She had been sent home to look after a sick nurse, whom she took to the army hospital at Lakewood. Trouble? Tuberculosis contracted "over there." There is, according to this returned army nurse a great deal of it, and a great deal of pneumonia. The death toll from these has been appalling—

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J. J. Sookline.	Peter Drury.	John Hannan.	Mrs. A. G. Vanderbilt.

And many other notables.

and really, you know, a heavy death rate from "preventable disease" is appalling for it looks as if it were our own fault. Even the way over so many fall ill—so many for whom it is impossible to care for on a transport. It seems to me that I heard that one transport that recently crossed touched the other side with eight cases requiring immediate operation—the night of their landing.

Learning that "Hearts of the World," David Wark Griffith's famous new war production, is to be presented for the first time in Washington, Monday evening, many Californians now in the Capital, will put aside other considerations for this occasion and be present, giving an ovation to the man from their own State, who along his own particular line, has reached a high position on the ladder of fame.

Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator, who is a Californian, has made reservations, while Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, with several friends, will occupy seats, and Senator Phelan has arranged to bring a group of relatives.

Representative and Mrs. Julius Kahn, of California, will attend, and Representative and Mrs. H. Z. Osborne, whose home is in Los Angeles, where Mr. Griffith's studio is located, are planning to go, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lee, of Oakland, Cal., and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Baker and son, also from northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Regus, of Oakland, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armbray, of San Francisco, will attend as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence Doherty, who are leaving in a few days for their home in Los Angeles.

Another Angelino who is arranging a party for Monday night is Mrs. Henry Norman Jensen, wife of Lieut. Jensen, who is in the service.

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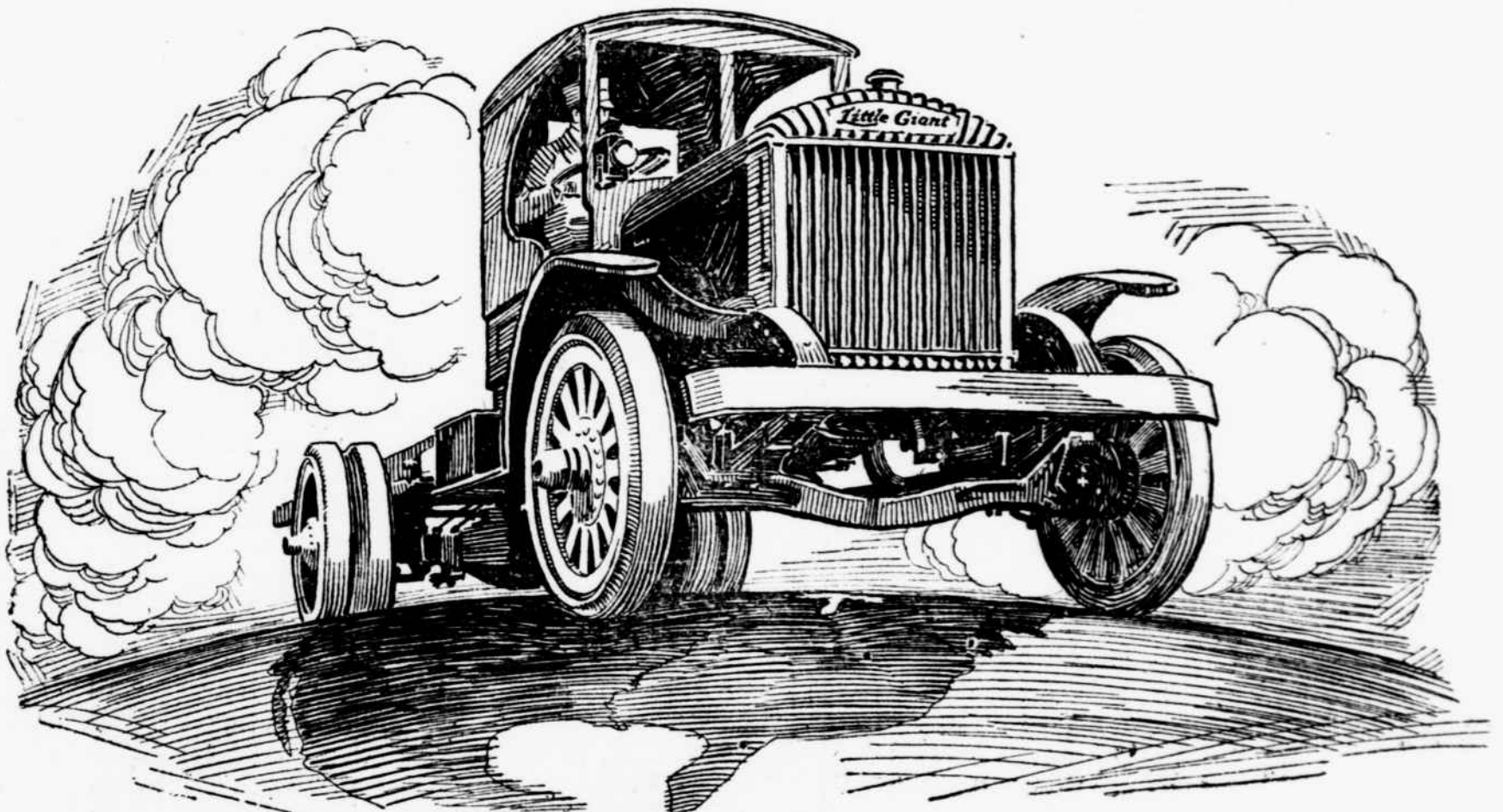
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